394.2620977 3
M5191
1928 Copy 3

Memorial and Peace Day

Illinois - 1928

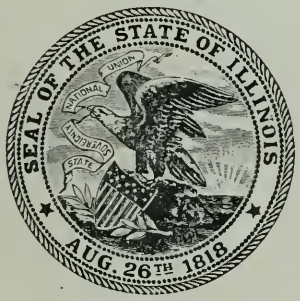
ILLINOIS HISTORICAL SURVEY

Memorial *and* Peace Day

May Thirtieth

1928

Circular No. 226



Compiled by

L. L. BLAIR

Issued by

FRANCIS G. BLAIR

Superintendent of Public Instruction

[Printed by authority of the State of Illinois.]

11

(S6606—35M)

The Ideal of American Youth. —P. and A. Photos.

To Teachers:

If right were all on one side of every big question and wrong all on the other side, it would be easy for us to find our place. But, unfortunately, in all things human the line of separation is not so clear or simple as that. We must often choose between a greater or lesser good or between a greater or lesser evil. This is true in the field of ethics as well as in the field of politics. Good people, good citizens are found on both sides of every important issue. Perhaps in a Republic like ours it is best that opinion should divide. But whether it is best or not, the conflict of opinion is all about us. On most practical questions we find some people ranging themselves at the extreme right, some at the extreme left, and others in the center.

In the preparation of this Memorial and Peace Day Circular these three variant attitudes are encountered. One extreme would have us provide for teachers and pupils only such matter as promotes and exalts the idea and ideal of preparedness, of militarism; the other extreme demands that we keep away from the pupils all militaristic matter, that we soften and subdue all references to wars and warriors, that we fill the pages with only such matter as will promote the principles and policies of peace; while the central group made up of average peace loving citizens, who are loyal to their homes and their country, and who revere those who gave their lives to found and preserve the Republic, believe that these lofty sentiments of patriotism are not antagonistic to the most profound love of peace.

We must respect the peoples of other nations as we would have them respect us. We must concede to them the same right to love their country and preserve and exalt their national ideals that we claim for ourselves. We must not by threat or intimidation seek to provoke war or to impose our ideals and culture upon a weaker nation. But in Lincoln's great words, "We must do all to achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and the nations of the earth."

J. G. Blair

Superintendent.

Capitol Building, Washington, D. C.

ADAMS AND JEFFERSON.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

This is an unaccustomed spectacle. For the first time, fellow-citizens, badges of mourning shroud the columns and over-hang the arches of this hall. These walls, which were consecrated so long ago to the cause of American liberty, which witnessed her infant struggles and rung with the shouts of her earliest victories, proclaim now that distinguished friends and champions of the great cause have fallen. It is right that it should be thus. The tears which flow, and the honors that are paid when the founders of the Republic die, give hope that the Republic itself may be immortal. It is fit that by public assembly and solemn observance, by anthem and by eulogy, we commemorate the services of national benefactors, extol their virtues, and render thanks to God for eminent blessings early given and long-continued to our favored country.

Adams and Jefferson are no more; and we are assembled, fellow-citizens—the aged, the middle-aged, and the young—by the spontaneous impulse of all, under the authority of the municipal government, with the presence of the Chief Magistrate of the Commonwealth, and others its official representatives, the universities, and the learned societies, to bear our part in those manifestations of respect and gratitude which universally pervade the land. Adams and Jefferson are no more. On our fiftieth anniversary, the great day of national jubilee, in the very hour of public rejoicing, in the midst of echoing and re-echoing voices of thanksgiving, while their own names were on all tongues, they took their flight together to the world of spirits.

If it be true that no one can safely be pronounced happy while he lives; if that event which terminates life can alone crown its honors and its glory, what felicity is here! The great epic of their lives, how happily concluded! Poetry itself has hardly closed illustrious lives and finished the career of earthly renown by such a consummation. If we had the power, we could not wish to reverse this dispensation of the Divine Providence. The great objects of life were accomplished; the drama was ready to be closed; it has closed; our patriots have fallen; but so fallen at such age, with such coincidence on such a day, that we cannot rationally lament that that end has come which we knew could not be long deferred. Neither of these great men, fellow-citizens, could have died at any time without leaving an immense void in our American society. They have been so intimately and for so long a time blended with the history of the country, and especially so united in our thoughts and recollections with the events of the Revolution, that the death of either would have touched the strings of public sympathy. We should have felt that one great link connecting us with

From the oration delivered in Faneuil Hall, Boston, August 2, 1826.

former times was broken; that we had lost something more, as it were, of the presence of the Revolution itself and of the act of independence, and were driven on by another great remove from the days of our country's early distinction to meet posterity and to mix with the future. Like the mariner whom the ocean and the winds carry along till he sees the stars which have directed his course, and lighted his pathless way, descend one by one beneath the rising horizon, we should have felt that the stream of time had borne us onward till another great luminary whose light had cheered us, and whose guidance we had followed, had sunk away from our sight.

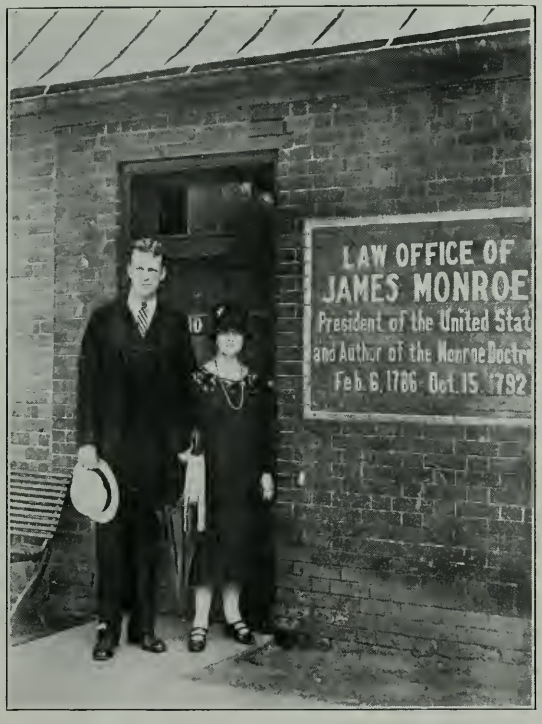
But the concurrence of their death on the anniversary of independence has naturally awakened stronger emotions. Both had been Presidents; both had lived to great age; both were early patriots; and both were distinguished and even honored by their immediate agency in the act of independence. It cannot but seem striking and extraordinary that these two should live to see the fiftieth year from the date of that act; that they should complete that year; and that then, on the day which had fast linked forever their own fame with their country's glory, the heavens should open to receive them both at once. As their lives themselves were the gifts of Providence, who is not willing to recognize in their happy termination, as well as in their long continuance, proofs that our country and its benefactors are objects of his care? . . .

—Underwood and Underwood.

Ceremony, near Washington, at the grave of an unknown soldier of the War of the Revolution.

LINCOLN'S TRIBUTE TO JEFFERSON.

"All honor to Jefferson—to the man, who in the concrete pressure of a struggle for national independence by a single people, had the coolness, forecast and sagacity to introduce into a merely revolutionary document an abstract truth, applicable to all men and all times and so embalm it there that today and in all coming days it shall be a rebuke and a stumbling-block to the every harbingers of reappearing tyranny and oppression."



—Wide World Photos.
Monroe Shrine in Fredericksburg, Va.

CHARACTER AND CITIZENSHIP.

"These monuments of manhood strong and high
Do more than forts or battle-ships to keep
Our dear-bought liberty. They fortify
The heart of youth with valour wise and deep;
They build eternal bulwarks, and command
Immortal hosts to guard our native land."

RULES OF CIVILITY.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Show not yourself glad at the misfortune of another, though he were your enemy.

When you see a crime punished you may be inwardly pleased; but always show pity to the suffering offender.

Superfluous compliments and all affectation of ceremony are to be avoided, yet, where due, they are not to be neglected.

Do not express joy before one sick or in pain, for that contrary passion will aggravate his misery.

When a man does all he can, though it succeed not well, blame not him that did it.

Be not hasty to believe flying reports to the disparagement of any.

In your apparel be modest and endeavor to accommodate Nature, rather than to procure admiration; keep to the fashion of your equals.

Associate yourself with men of good quality, if you esteem your own reputation; for 'tis better to be alone than in bad company.

Speak not injurious words neither in jest nor in earnest; scoff at none although they give occasion.

Gaze not at the marks or blemishes of others and ask not how they came. What you may speak in secret to your friend, deliver not before others.

Nothing but harmony, honest industry and frugality are necessary to make us a great people. First impressions are generally the most lasting. It is therefore absolutely necessary, if you mean to make any figure upon the stage, that you would take the first steps right.

There is a destiny which has the control of our actions not to be resisted by the strongest efforts of Human Nature.

Let your heart feel for the afflictions and distresses of every one and let your hand give in proportion to your purse; remembering always the widow's mite, but that it is not every one who asketh that deserveth charity; all, however, are worthy the inquiry, or the deserving may suffer.

Happiness depends more upon the internal frame of a person's mind than on the externals in the world.

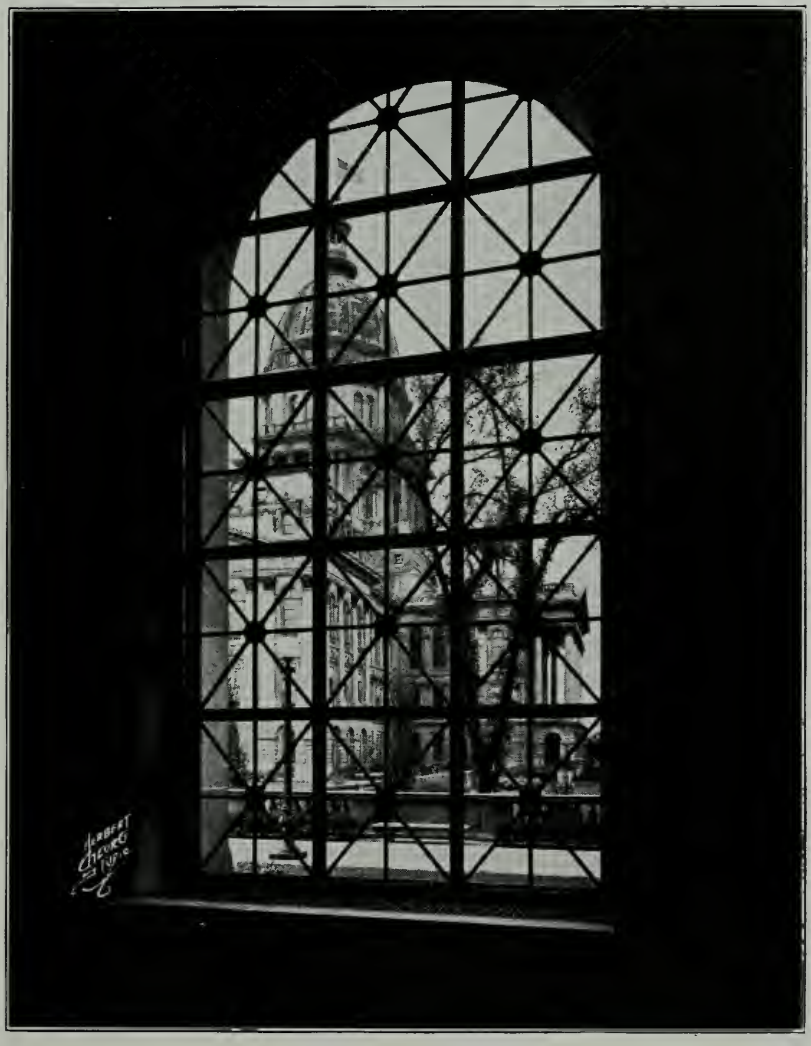
Idleness is disreputable under any circumstances; productive of no good even when unaccompanied by vicious habits.

It is not uncommon in prosperous gales to forget that adverse winds blow.

Rise early, that by habit it may become familiar, agreeable, healthy and profitable. It may for a while be irksome to do this, but that will wear off and the practice will produce a rich harvest forever thereafter, whether in public or in private walks of life.

It is unfortunate when man cannot or will not see danger at a distance; or seeing it, are undetermined in the means which are necessary to avert or keep it afar off.

Every man who is in the vigor of life ought to serve his country in whatever line it requires and he is fit for.



—Herbert Georg.

Illinois State Capitol Building from Memorial Hall of the Centennial Building.

—The Sun, Baltimore.

The "Star Spangled Banner" at Fort McHenry.

SCHOOL CHILDREN SING AT FORT McHENRY.

A great shout as from a single huge throat greeted the Flag waving proudly over the historic ramparts at Fort McHenry on the night of September 12th, when 100,000 people watched the re-enactment of the bombardment of 1814, during which attack Francis Scott Key wrote the national anthem. Guns boomed from a fleet of minelayers in the harbor, anchored in approximately the position taken by the wooden British ships of 100 years ago. On each vessel a bugle sounded and lights were extinguished; pleasure boats ceased their chugging and the harbor was still. Then rang the sharp note of a single bugle. Rockets flared and guns roared from the ships, the fort answering with guns manned by Battery B, Sixth Field Artillery, the regiment which fired the first American shot in the World War.

When the firing ceased, there came a hushed pause in the darkness; then giant searchlights from the battleships Oklahoma and Nevada flashed their white beams on the flag, and from 2,100 children rang forth the "Star Spangled Banner." A great and vivid experience for these school children!—*The Sun, Baltimore.*

OUR FLAG.

So long as that flag shall bear aloft its glittering stars—bearing them amidst the din of battle, and waving them triumphantly above the storms of the ocean, so long, I trust, shall the rights of American citizens be preserved safe and unimpaired.

—*Samuel Houston.*

O folds of white and scarlet! O blue field with your star! May fond eyes welcome you, and dying lips give you their blessing! Ours by inheritance, ours by allegiance, ours by affection, long may you float on the free winds of heaven, the emblem of liberty, the hope of the world.

Guard well that flag, for faith and hope and better days to be, your flag, my flag, the people's flag, the flag that makes men free.

—*Kate Brownlee Sherwood.*

Do not be ashamed to love the flag or to confess your love for it. Make much of it; tell its history; sing of it. It now floats over our schools and it ought to hang from the windows of all our homes on all public days.

—*Benjamin Harrison.*

Our flag has never been trailed in the dust of dishonor and today it proudly floats from the masthead of vessels in all waters and is honored and respected by every country on the globe.

—*Mary M. North.*

It expresses the will of a free people, and proclaims that they are supreme and that they acknowledge no earthly sovereign but themselves. Glorious old banner.

—*William McKinley.*

A TRIOLOGY.

F. G. Blair.

MILITARIST:

"Love alone conquers and rules the heart of the world."
That fatal fallacy of poets and sentimentalists
Has spilled more blood and devastated more lands
Than all the navies and standing armies of the earth.
Ignoring the plain fact that many races of men
Have but recently emerged from the human jungle
Where "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth"
Was the instinctive rule and law of their action,
These dreamers would bind his hands with roses
And hush his war cry with prayers and resolutions.
Illogically they lock the doors of their private homes
And police the streets to guard their personal stores
But raise hysterical storms of protest
When nations lock their ports with gunboats
And guard the public peace and property with armies.
Goodwill and prayers and tears have their place
But a raging, devouring enemy hears and heeds
Naught but your battalions and battleships.
Moreover, frowning fortresses and battlements
Are the best guarantees and promoters of that peace
For which poets and pacifists so ardently pray.

PACIFIST:

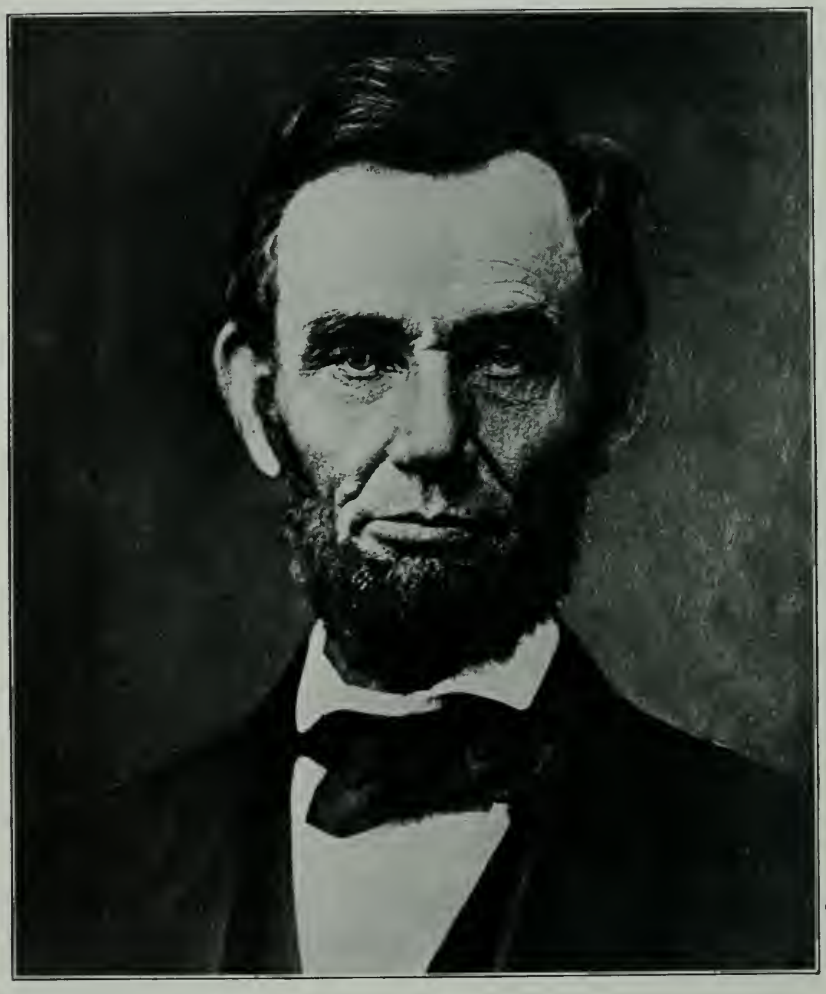
Hate breeds hate and armies beget more armies.
The mailed fist has ever been a provocation to war,
And the rattling musketry shakes down our temples of peace.
All the peoples of the earth are brothers and neighbors
Whose devine law is "Love thy neighbor as thyself."
And whose commandment is "Thou shalt not kill."
Thinking and preparing for war brings on war.
Training camps, military academies, navy maneuvers,
Fife and drum and the glamour of parading troops,—
All these are the symbols and signals of warfare.
They arouse the blood lust in the human heart;
They are tools and training for the vocation of killing.
If men of all nations will but think and talk peace,
If they will but stop the laudation of war and warriors,
Universal peace will encircle the globe
Battleships will become arks of friendship
Cannon and swords will be beaten
Into hoops of steel to bind and hold together
The hearts and lives and fortunes of humanity.
Use the millions now spent on preparedness
In the promotion of international brotherhood,
In educating and training the children of earth,
In alleviating the poverty and suffering of mankind.
Do this and universal peace will reign
From shore to shore, from sea to sea,
And the peoples of all nations shall meet
"In the parliament of man the federation of the world."

PATRIOT:

If pacifism is a refusal to risk one's life or fortune
For the common good, for the national safety;
If a pacifist holds his obligation and loyalty
To other nations as binding as to his own,—
If these are the principles and spirit of pacifism
Then I am not nor ever can be a pacifist.
If militarism is a constant appeal to our national fears,
A constant threat and incitement to war;
If the building of big armies and big navies
Is the prelude to aggression and conquest,—
If preparedness and militarism stand for any or all of these
I am not nor ever can be a militarist.
But a peaceful heart need not be a cowardly shrinking one.
Brotherly love and manly resistence may dwell in the same breast.
The hand which today caresses the cheek of that child
May tomorrow strike dead the brute who would injure it.
The love and courage to be loyal to home and country;
The willingness to live and work and die for them, if need be;
The desire to honor those who have labored and sacrificed for us;
"With malice toward none, with charity for all," countries
Steadfastly to promote and protect the interests of his own land,—
These are the principals and privileges of a good citizen,
These are the duties and obligations of a peaceful patriot.

—Underwood and Underwood.
A Youthful Federation of the World.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.



—Underwood and Underwood.

A blend of mirth and sadness, smiles and tears;
A quaint knight-errant of the pioneers;
A homely hero, born of star and sod;
A peasant prince, a masterpiece of God.

LINCOLN.

RICHARD YATES.

Lincoln was the conqueror of difficulties—he was a Knight of the Sublime Order of Disappointment.

Yearning to learn, he was censured for that disposition. Craving information, he was deprived of almost all books; loving his fellow men, he was afflicted for years with bashfulness; with an eye and ear for all the beautiful in nature, in poetry, and in song, he was burdened, he says, with a voice, face, and form alike unfortunate. Those who knew him, and particularly those who encountered his eternal friendliness, never deemed him uncouth or homely. Col. Freeman Thorp, who sketched him often and whose painting of him was accepted by the Senate, assures me he saw no uncouthness, just "a tall spare, but well-formed, muscular man, very erect, with impressive, plain, unassuming bearing."

With a desire to be a useful member of the community, he, when he became of age, embarked in various business ventures, and every one of them, without exception at all, was signally disastrous; they fastened upon him a burden of debt which he carried for 20 years, and never did dispose of until 1849, his fortieth year, after his election to Congress. He called it the "National debt." It amounted to $1,100 and was in the form of promissory notes. When these notes became due all the creditors consented to renew them except one. This man brought suit, obtained judgment, issued an execution, and levied upon the surveying implements, which Lincoln called the things which kept soul and body together. The day of sale came, but down the dusty road that day came James Short, a farmer, and he bought all things at the sale and laid them at Lincoln's feet and said, "Here, begin again." Thirty-two years afterwards Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, heard that James Short was destitute on the western border of Nebraska, and as fast as steam and train (and pony express) could carry it, he sent aid and comfort, succor and support. Gratitude after 32 years! I would love Abraham Lincoln for that, if not for anything else.

Desiring to go to the legislature, he was doomed at first to disappointment. Later, aspiring to congressional honors, he again met with defeats—due to provoking and exasperating misconceptions of him; and even when a candidate for United States Senator in 1856 and 1858 he still underwent the indescribable humiliation of being almost invariably misunderstood—resting, for example, under the charge of being the candidate of wealth, aristocracy, and family pride, he who as a flatboat boy, at $8 per month, had had to earn his living by the veriest swet of his brow. And all along the wending way the death of beloved children and ingratitude of pretended friends seemed to combine to make his live unbearable and all his hopes a mockery.

A portion of a speech made by the Honorable Richard Yates in the House of Representatives, February 12, 1921.

I have never seen the thought expressed in any biography, but from the reading of some of his own letters and speeches I have received the impression that, to some extent at least, he himself at times gave way to the thought that his life of continued agonizing was intended to prepare him for some great test.

In 1900 Prof. Van Buren Denslow, of New York City, wrote to me stating that in 1860 he left in Illinois a copy of a speech delivered by Mr. Lincoln in the hall of the House of Representatives at Springfield in 1839; another copy of which speech Prof. Denslow had never been able to secure. I took pleasure in hunting for the lost pamphlet and was fortunate enough to find it, and forwarded it to its owner—forty years after he had parted with it. But before sending it back I read it. I shall always be impressed with its closing paragraph. I took a copy of it, but unfortunately have lost that, and I have never seen it anywhere else. I can not now quote it, but in substance it was this:

"I never so fully realize my manhood; I never feel myself so fully rising to the complete exercise of the faculties which God has given me, as when I contemplate my country, assailed and in danger, and I, alone, standing between her and the perils that surround her."

The speech was full of what would nowadays be called sophomorical eloquence and, we must remember, was written at the age of 30, when Mr. Lincoln was merely a member of the little Illinois Legislature, only 21 years after Illinois was made a State and full 22 years before the eventful March, 1861, when he was inaugurated as President. It certainly has a prophetic sound, and whatever his intention when writing it, I prefer to believe that in the midnight hour, when that sentence was framed—in the rare and radiant moment when his wrought-up brain conveyed that high thought to his swift and shining pen—Abraham Lincoln was inspired. At any rate, the hour then imagined actually came, and in a time of sadness and of darkness that was to all others unutterably appalling this man who could not be appalled took into his firm grasp the quivering helm of the then struggling Ship of State and never lifted his hand nor rested his eye until it entered the haven of rest.

The lightnings blazed their blinding bolts about him, but he never faltered. The thunders poured their awful blasts upon him, but he never wavered. Wave after wave of trial raised its horrid seething crest across his path and roared, "Thus far and no farther," but he never yielded.

And at last, amidst the tears and prayers and thanksgiving of humanity, Abraham Lincoln steered the battered but yet beautiful ship into the harbor of perfect peace and anchored her there in beauty and grandeur and grace and power, safe from all the attacks of terrible treason and wasting war forever.

Of course, Abraham Lincoln was more—much more—than a great orator, great overcomer, great politician, great champion of the Almighty. He was a good lawyer and a good diplomat, a good student of finance and a fair general, a fair engineer, and a fair poet.

But he must have been more to have attracted, enjoyed, and kept the popular devotion—the love of the people as a whole.

What was it that caused and compelled a nation on its knees, at its open graves, to idolize him? Why was it, how could it be that after 400,000 boys had died the death, and at least 400,000 more were horribly mutilated or hopelessly diseased, the mothers, sisters, wives and sweethearts still adored Father Abraham?

I think it was his sincerity and simplicity, sincere simplicity, simple sincerity.

One noted Illinoisan, Col. Ingersoll, said:

"He wore no official robes on his body or on his soul,
***Through titles and rags and race he saw the real."

The keynote, the passage which seems to me, all things considered, to explain the spell which this man always possessed over our country and the world—this quotation is to be found in the great address by George Bancroft, his historian, delivered before the two houses of Congress assembled in joint session the 12th day of February, 1866.

This is what Bancroft says:

"As the presidental election drew on one of the great traditional parties did not make its appearance; the other reeled as it sought to preserve its old position, and the candidate who most nearly represented its best opinion, driven by patriotic zeal, roamed the country from end to end to speak for union, eager, at least to confront its enemies, yet not having hope that it would find its deliverance through him. The storm rose to a whirlwind; who should allay its wrath? The most experienced statesmen of the country had failed; there was no hope from those who were great after the flesh, could relief come from one whose wisdom was like the wisdom of little children?"

In an address upon Lincoln which I only recently discovered my own father said:

"I never saw, and no man ever saw, any difference between the Abraham Lincoln in his office at Springfield and the Abraham Lincoln in the White House. He never changed. He trusted the people and they him. There was something in his lowly origin and in the story of his life and its struggles that made the people draw close to him. He talked to them in such a way that they understood him better than they did other men."

There you have it.

They understood him better, because he had the wisdom of little children. He had the directness of the child, the truth of the child, the fearlessness of the child, the plainness of speech of the child, and above all, the foregiveness of the child; and having all this the "common people heard him gladly," even as it is written of Jesus Christ, and the same common people when he died cried in the streets.

A blend of mirth and sadness, smiles and tears;
A quaint knight-errant of the pioneers;
A homely hero, born of star and sod:
A peasant prince, a masterpiece of God.

Allen Pinkerton, Abraham Lincoln and Maj. Gen. McClernand at Vicksburg. —P. and A. Photos.

SAYINGS OF LINCOLN.

Learn the laws and obey them.

I am nothing, but truth is everything.

Killing the dog does not cure the bite.

Give us a little more light and a little less noise.

It is not best to swap horses while crossing a stream.

He sticks through thick and thin—I admire such a man.

Success does not so much depend on external help as on self-reliance.

It is better only sometimes to be right than at all times to be wrong.

No men living are more worthy to be trusted than those who toil up from poverty.

This country with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it.

Gold is good in its place; but living patriotic men are better than gold.

God bless my mother! All I am or hope to be I owe to her.

I claim not to have controlled events, but confess plainly that events have controlled me.

Let us have that faith that right makes might; and in that faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it.

The purposes of the Almighty are perfect and must prevail, though we erring mortals may fail to accurately perceive them in advance.

I must stand with anybody that stands right; stand with him while he is right and part with him when he goes wrong.

The face of an old friend is like a ray of sunshine through dark and gloomy clouds.

My experience and observation have been that those who promise the most do the least.

I intend no modification of my oft-expressed wish that all men everywhere should be free.

I take the official oath today with no mental reservation and with no purpose to construe the constitution by any hypercritical rules.

The way for a young man to rise is to improve himself in every way he can, never suspecting that anybody is hindering him.

God must like common people, or he would not have made so many of them.

BESIDE THE GRAVES OF THE LINCOLNS.

Mrs. Susan D. Baker.

Mrs. Susan D. Baker, an organizer and late president of the Shiloh Lincoln Memorial Club, died in December of 1927. Her grave is in Shiloh Cemetery, near Jamesville, Illinois, near the graves of Thomas and Sarah Bush Lincoln which she so devotedly tended during her lifetime. Mrs. Baker lived to see the dedication of the monument marking the graves so long forgotten and at that ceremony she recited poems of her own composition. The efforts of her lifetime were partially realized before death. She could not live to see the erection of the Thomas Lincoln Trail, the proposed highway which touches many spots of historical importance in relation to the father and stepmother of Abraham Lincoln.

—*Lerna Eagle.*

GRAVE OF THE FATHER OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Written in 1876 by George B. Balch.

In a low, sweet vale, by a murmuring rill,
The Pioneer's ashes are sleeping;
Where the white marbel slabs so lonely and still,
In silence their vigils are keeping.

On their sad, lonely faces are words of fame,
But none of these speak of his glory;
When the pioneer died, his age and his name,
No monument whispers the story.

No myrtle, nor ivy, nor hyacinth blows
O'er the lonely grave where they laid him;
No cedar, nor holly, nor almond tree grows
Near the plebian's grave to shade him.

Bright evergreens wave over many a grave,
O'er some bow the sad weeping willow;
But no willow trees bow, nor evergreens wave,
Where the pioneer sleeps on his pillow.

Some are inhumed with the honors of state,
And laid beneath temples to moulder;
The grave of the father of Lincoln, the great,
Is known by a hillock and bowlder.

Let him take his lone sleep, and gently rest,
With naught to disturb or wake him.
When the angels shall come to gather the blest
To Abraham's bosom, they'll take him.

—Underwood and Underwood.

Dedication of the Thomas and Sarah Bush Lincoln Monument, March 23, 1923.

INSCRIPTION ON THE MONUMENT.

LINCOLN

THOMAS AND SARAH BUSH LINCOLN

1778 — 1851 1788 — 1869

FATHER AND STEP-MOTHER
OF OUR MARTYRED PRESIDENT

THEIR HUMBLE BUT WORTHY HOME
GAVE TO THE WORLD
ABRAHAM LINCOLN

ERECTED BY THE LIONS CLUBS OF THE STATE OF ILLINOIS.

Lincoln's Home taken at the time of his funeral. —P. and A. Photos.

THE GREATNESS OF A PLAIN AMERICAN.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

We meet under the gloom of a calamity which darkens down over the minds of good men in all civilized society, as the fearful tidings travel over sea, over land, from country to country, like the shadow of an uncalculated eclipse over the planet. Old as history is, and manifold as are its tragedies, I doubt if any death has caused so much pain to mankind as this has caused, or will cause, on its announcement; and this not so much because nations are by modern arts brought so closely together, as because of the mysterious hopes and fears which, in the present day, are connected with the name and institutions of America. In this country, on Saturday, every one was struck dumb, and saw, at first, only deep below deep, as he meditated on the ghastly blow. And, perhaps, at this hour, when the coffin which contains the dust of the President sets forward on its long march through mourning States, on its way to his home in Illinois, we might well be silent, and suffer the awful voices of the time to thunder to us. Yes, but that first despair was brief; the man was not so to be mourned. He was the most active and hopeful of men, and his work had not perished, but acclamations of praise for the task he had accomplished burst out into a song of triumph, which even tears for his death cannot keep down. The President stood before us a man of the people. He was thoroughly American; a quiet, native, aboriginal man, as an acorn from the oak; no aping of foreigners, no frivolous accomplishments: Kentuckian born, working on a farm, a flatboatman, a captain in the Blackhawk War, a country lawyer,, a representative in the rural legislature of Illinois—on such modest foundations the broad structure of his fame was laid. How slowly, and yet by happily prepared steps, he came to his place! All of us remember—it is only a history of five or six years—the surprise and disappointment of the country at his first nomination at Chicago. Mr. Seward, then in the culmination of his good fame, was the favorite of the Eastern States. And when the new and comparatively unknown name of Lincoln was announced (notwithstanding the report of the acclamations of that convention), we heard the result coldly and sadly. It seemed too rash, on a purely local reputation, to build so grave a trust, in such anxious times; and men naturally talked of the chances in politics as incalculable. But it turned out not to be chance. The profound good opinion which the people of Illinois and of the West had conceived of him, and which they had imparted to their colleagues, that they also might justify themselves to their constitutents at home, was not so rash, though they did not begin to know the richness of his

Address delivered at Concord, Massachusetts, on the occasion of the funeral services in honor of Mr. Lincoln, 1865.

—Raymond Georg.

"Portentous and a Thing of State."
Lincoln Monument, Springfield, Illinois.

worth. A plain man of the people, an extraordinary fortune attended him. Lord Bacon says: "Manifest virtues procure reputation; occult ones, fortune." He offered no shining qualities at the first encounter; he did not offend by superiority. He had a face and manner which disarmed suspicion, which inspired confidence, which confirmed good-will. He was a man without vices. He had a strong sense of duty which it was very easy for him to obey. Then he had what farmers call a long head; was excellent in working out the sum for himself, in arguing his case and convincing you fairly and firmly. Then it turned out that he was a greater worker, and that, having prodigious faculty of performance, he worked easily. A good worker is so rare; everybody has some one disabling quality. But this man was found to the very core, cheerful, persistent, all right for labor, and he liked nothing so well. Then he had a vast good nature which made him tolerant and accessible to all; fair-minded, leaning to the claim of the petitioner, affable, and not sensible to the affliction which the innumerable visits paid to him, when President, would have brought to any one else. And how this good nature became a noble humanity in many a tragic case which the events of the war brought to him, everyone will remember, and with what increasing tenderness he dealt when a whole race was on his compassion. The poor negro said of him, on an impressive occasion, "Massa Linkum am eberywhere." Then his broad good humor, running easily into jocular talk, in which he delighted and in which he excelled, was a rich gift to this wise man. It enabled him to keep his secret, to meet every kind of man and every rank in society, to take off the edge of the severest decisions, to mask his own purpose and sound his companion, and to catch with true instinct the temper of each company he addressed. And, more than all, such good nature is to a man of severe labor, in anxious and exhausting crises, the natural restorative, good as sleep, and is the protection of the overdriven brain against rancor and insanity. He is the author of a multitude of good sayings, so disguised as pleasantries that it is certain that they had no reputation at first but as jests; and only later, by the acceptance and adoption they find in the mouths of millions, turn out to be the wisdom of the hour. I am sure if this man had ruled in a period of less facility of printing, he would have become mythological in a few years, like Aesop or Pilpay, or one of the Seven Wise Masters, by his fables and proverbs. But the weight and penetration of many passages in his letters, messages, and speeches, hidden now by the very closeness of their application to the moment, are destined hereafter to wide fame. What pregnant definitions; what unerring common sense; what foresight; and on great occasions, what lofty and more than natural, what human tone! His occupying the chair of State was a triumph of the good sense of mankind and of the public confidence. This middle-class country has got a middle-class President at last. Yes, in manners, sympathies, but not in powers, for his powers were superior. His mind mastered the problem of the day; and, as the problem grew, so did his comprehension of it. Rarely was man so fitted to the event. In the midst of fears and jealousies, in the babel of counsels and parties,

—P. and A. Photos.

Lincoln Memorial, Washington, D. C.

this man wrought incessantly with all his might and all his honesty, laboring to find what the people wanted, and how to obtain that. It cannot be said there is any exaggeration of his worth. If ever a man was fairly tested, he was. There was no lack of resistance, nor of slander, nor of ridicule. The times have allowed no State secrets; the nation has been in such a ferment, such multitudes had to be trusted, that no secret could be kept. Every door was ajar, and we knew all that befell. Then what an occasion was the whirlwind of the war! Here was place for no holiday magistrate, no fair-weather sailor; the new pilot was hurried to the helm in a tornado. In four years—the four years of battle-days—his endurance, his fertility of resources, his magnaminity, were sorely tried and never found wanting. There, by his courage, his justice, his even temper, his fertile counsel, his humanity, he stood, an heroic figure in the center of an heroic epoch. He is the true history of the American people in his time. Step by step, he walked before them; slow with their slowness, quickening his march by theirs; the true representative of this continent; an entirely public man; father of his country, the pulse of twenty millons throbbing in his heart, the thought of their minds articulated by his tongue. Adam Smith remarks that the ax which in Houbraken's portraits of British kings and worthies is engraved under those who have suffered at the block adds a certain lofty charm to the picture. And who does not see, even in this tragedy so recent, how fast the terror and ruin of the massacre are already burning into glory around the victim? Far happier this fate than to have lived to be wished away; to have watched the decay of his own faculties; to have seen—perhaps, even he—the proverbial ingratitude of statesmen; to have seen mean men preferred. Had he not lived long enough to keep the greatest promise that ever man made to his fellow-men—the practical abolition of slavery? He had seen Tennessee, Missouri, and Maryland emancipate their slaves. He had seen Savannah, Charleston, and Richmond surrendered; had seen the main army of the Republic lay down its arms. He had conquered the public opinion of Canada, England, and France. Only Washington can compare with him in fortune. And what if it should turn out in the unfolding of the web, that he had reached the term; that this heroic deliverer could no longer serve us; that the rebellion had touched its natural conclusion, and what remained to be done required new and uncommitted hands—a new spirit born out of the ashes of the war; and that Heaven, wishing to show the world a completed benefactor, shall make him serve his country even more by his death than his life. Nations, like kings, are not good by facility and complaisance. "The kindness of kings consist in justice and strength." Easy good nature has been the dangerous foible of the Republic, and it was necessary that its enemies should outrage it, and drive us to unwonted firmness, to secure the salvation of this country in the next ages.

Group who viewed Lincoln's remains the last time. —Guy Mathis.

THE LAST INTERMENT OF MR. LINCOLN.

The trustees of the Lincoln monument association included Richard Yates, governor, M. O. Williamson, treasurer and Alfred Bayliss, superintendent of public instruction. The governor and superintendent were absent. The governor was represented by John J. Brenholt, president *pro tempore* of the senate; the superintendent, by Joseph H. Freeman, first assistant.

An official statement was issued by the commissioners which is in words and figures as follows, to-wit:

Springfield, Illinois.
September 26, 1901.

At a meeting of the commissioners of the Lincoln monument held this day, in pursuance of a call by Acting Governor Brenholt, at the Memorial Hall of the monument, it was agreed that the casket of Abraham Lincoln be opened for identification prior to placing the casket in the permanent vault.

In the presence of several members of the Lincoln Guard of Honor, the casket was opened and the remains viewed by the persons present and fully identified. It was found that the remains were in good state of preservation. After which the casket was resealed and consigned in our presence to the place prepared for the same in the monument. . . . . .

(Signed) JOHN J. BRENHOLT,
Acting Governor.
M. O. WILLIAMSON,
Treasurer.
JOSEPH H. FREEMAN,
Asst. Superintendent.
Commissioners.

The half tone reproduction on the opposite page is from an original photograph taken September 26, 1901, by Guy Mathis of Springfield. The group includes sixteen persons who viewed the remains of Abraham Lincoln just before the casket was sealed the last time. First row, reading from left to right, they are: Floyd K. Whittemore, Springfield; James S. McCullough, Urbana; Joseph H. Freeman, Aurora; John J. Brenholt, Alton; M. O. Williamson, Galesburg; George N. Black, Springfield; B. D. Monroe, Springfield, and James S. Culver, Springfield; second row, reading from left to right, they are: J. C. Thompson, Macomb; Clinton L. Conkling, Springfield; Joseph P. Lindley, Springfield; Edward S. Johnson, Springfield; Mrs. Alfred Bayliss, Minneapolis; Jasper N. Reece, Springfield, and Mrs. Edward S. Johnson, Springfield; third row, Ross Culver, Springfield. Leon P. Hopkins, the master plumber, Charles Willey his assistant, and Fleetwood H. Lindley, were also present.

MR. STRAIT CELEBRATES HIS EIGHTY-SEVENTH BIRTHDAY.

Mr. E. H. Strait came with his parents to Illinois from New York state, the place of his birth in 1857 and settled in LaSalle county. He was born April 15, 1841. On August 7, 1861, he enlisted in Company F, 36th Illinois Volunteer Infantry, and was in military service for 51 months, out of which time he spent 16 months in army hospitals.

At twenty-six.

He received five wounds during two bitter engagements against Confederate troops and on both occasions surgeons who attended him classified him as "mortally wounded." Mr. Strait was wounded October 8, 1862, during the battle of Perryville, Ky. The army physicians held out no hope for his recovery but he pulled through, and was able to return to the firing line. During the Atlanta campaign, at Adairsville, Ga., he was shot through the lung, but again he disproved the doctor's theory that his case was hopeless.

At eighty-six.

As an indication of the active service in which Mr. Strait's company participated, 26 out of the 131 in that unit were either killed or died of wounds.

After being mustered out of service, Mr. Strait returned to his home, was married and for a period of more than sixty years maintained his own home. The death of his life companion in May, 1927, was the first break in the family circle.

—Wide World Photos.

Radio Adds Another Bond.

"Maine" Mast at Arlington Cemetery.

"REMEMBER THE MAINE."

ELMO SCOTT WATSON.

One February morning just thirty years ago the news flashed over the country that the United States battleship Maine, commanded by Capt. Charles Dwight Sigsbee, had been blown up in the harbor of Havana, Cuba, and that two hundred and sixty-four men and two officers had been killed. Since that time disasters at sea have claimed many more American lives and after the first outburst of horrified amazement at them the public has quickly forgotten. But far different was the aftermath of the destruction of the Maine, for it came at a time when relations between the two great nations were strained almost to the breaking point and it proved to be one of the factors which plunged America into a war from which she emerged as a different nation from that which the world had known before and inevitably committed to a role as a world power and a player in the game of international politics. Although historians of today do not usually point to this disaster in Havana harbor on February 15, 1898, as a turning point in history, historians of the future may do so.

It was one of the shortest wars in American history. Beginning in April its end was foreshadowed in August when Spain made overtures for peace, a protocol was signed and hostilities ceased. The end came with the treaty of peace signed on December 10. By the terms of the treaty Spain gave up all claim to Cuba and ceded Porto Rico, Guam and the Phillippines to the United States, receiving the sum of twenty million dollars for the latter. The decisive naval victories of Manila and Santiago definitely established the position of the United States as a naval power and her acquisition of territory in the Orient brought her out of the seclusion of concern with only domestic affairs to a new international relationship.

No doubt the Spanish-American war was inevitable and would have been fought whether the Maine had been destroyed or not. But that disaster was the one thing necessary to give the American people the will to fight and the determination to back up their leaders to the utmost in prosecuting the war. So it may fairly be regarded as a turning point in history, one of those unlooked-for incidents whose importance may not be appreciated at the time, but which grow in importance with the years.

The men who perished on the Maine were afterwards removed from the cemetery in Havana and the flag-draped coffins of these first victims of America's shortest and most brilliantly-won war were returned to the United States on American warships. They were buried in Arlington National cemetery and the marker for the place where they rest is the gigantic anchor of the battleship on which they perished, the name of which is still remembered by Americans whenever the battle cry of 1898 is repeated—"Remember the Maine."

—*Alma Center News.*

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

—Underwood and Underwood.

He led the "Rough Riders" up San Juan Hill.

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

JOHN NELSON GOLTRA, *Department of Illinois, Historian.*

For the first time in all the history of the world, in that memorable year of 1898 a noble army of volunteers willingly left their own homes and firesides and their own country to fare forth in the name of humanity across gulfs and oceans to fight for the liberty of downtrodden, suffering and oppressed peoples, and those not of their own race. They knew they were not fighting for gain, of other lands or tribute, as other armies before their day had done. Our Nation, through the Congress, had already declared that the acquisition of territory was not its purpose.

Let it suffice to add that the Spanish-American War wiped out sectionalism in this country and made it in fact a Union, one and inseparable. Also that the World's War forces were led by veterans of the Spanish-American War. The Commanding General of the A. E. F., the Chief-of-Staff in this country, every Army, Corps and Division Commander, and almost every Brigade Commander, as well as half of the field officers of the World War, were Spanish-American War Veterans. There were indeed many thousands of them in all ranks from private to the Commanding General.

CHRONOLOGICAL HISTORY OF THE WAR WITH SPAIN.

		1895
Feb.	24	Insurgents rose against Spanish Tyranny in Santiago, Santa Clara and Matanzas Provinces.
March	4	Governor-General proclaimed Martial Law in Santiago and Matanzas.
June	12	President Cleveland issued proclamation warning citizens against joining or aiding filibustering expeditions.
July	15	Provisional Government formally constituted and a declaration of Independence proclaimed.
		1896
Feb.	17	General Weyler arrived at Havana, Cuba.
July	30	President Cleveland issued another proclamation against filibustering.
		1897
May	17	President McKinley sent a message to Congress suggesting an appropriation of $50,000 to relieve the distress of American Citizens in Cuba. Passed by Congress and signed May 24.
Dec.	28	President McKinley issued an appeal to the country to aid starving Cubans.
		1898
Jan.	8	A second appeal issued by President McKinley for contributions to aid suffering Cubans announced the co-operation of the American Red Cross Society.

Jan.	17	General Fitzhugh Lee, Consul General, suggests that a ship be sent to Cuba to protect Americans in the event of another riot.
Jan.	25	Battleship "Maine" arrived at Havana, Cuba.
Feb.	15	Battleship "Maine" blown up in Havana Harbor; 264 men and 2 officers killed. Spanish Minister, De Lome sailed for Spain.
Feb.	17	Court to inquire into the cause of the blowing up of the "Maine" appointed.
March	6	Spain unofficially asks for the recall of Consul General Fitzhugh Lee.
March	8	$50,000,000 war fund voted unanimously by the House of Representatives.
March	9	War fund of $50,000,000 passed by the Senate.
March	25	"Maine" report delivered to the President and officially announce "Maine" blown up by a mine.
March	30	President McKinley, through Minister Woodford, asked Spain for a cessation of hostilities in Cuba, and negotiations for ultimate independence.
April	19	Both Houses of Congress adopted resolutions declaring Cuba free, and empowering the President to compel Spain to withdraw her army and navy.
April	20	President McKinley signed the resolutions and sent his ultimatum to Spain, and the Queen Regent sent a warlike message to the cortes.
April	21	Minister Woodford receives his passport from Spain.
April	22	The President issued his proclamation to the neutral powers, Commodore Sampson's fleet sailed from Key West to begin a blockade of Havana. Gunboat "Nashville" captured the Spanish ship "Buena Ventura."
April	23	President McKinley issued a call for 125,000 volunteers.
April	24	Spain formally declares war exists with U. S.
April	25	United States formally declares war with Spain.
May	1	Commodore Dewey defeated Admiral Montojo in Manila Bay, destroying eleven ships, killing and wounding more than 500 of the enemy. American casualties seven men slightly wounded.
May	11	Commodore Dewey promoted to be a Rear-Admiral. Attacks made on Cienfiegus and Cardenas, when Ensign Worth Bagley and five of the "Winslow" crew were killed.
May	12	Bombardment of San Juan, Porto Rico, by Commodore Sampson.
May	24	Battleship "Oregon" arrived off Jupiter Inlet, Florida, from her great trip from San Francisco, which she left March 12.
May	25	President McKinley issued his second call for volunteers for 75,000 men. First Manila Expedition left San Francisco.

June	3	Lieut. Hobson and seven men sank the "Merrimac" in the channel entrance of Santiago Harbor.
June	12-14	General Shafter embarked at Tampa, Florida, for Santiago with an army of 16,000 men.
July	1-2	Terrific fighting in front of Santiago, El Caney and San Juan carried by assaults with great loss in American dead and wounded.
July	3	Commodore Schley's blockading fleet annihilates Admiral Cervera's squadron of four armored cruisers and two torpedo boat destroyers.
July	17	General Torral surrendered Santiago and the Eastern Province of Cuba to General Shafter.
July	20	General Leonard A. Wood appointed Military Governor of Santiago, entering upon his duties by feeding the hungry, clothing the destitute, and cleaning the city.
July	25	General Miles, with 8,000 men, landed at Buanica, Porto Rico.
Aug.	9	A large force of Spanish defeated at Coamo, Porto Rico, by American troops under General Ernst.
Aug.	12	The peace Protocol was signed, and armistice proclaimed and the Cuban blockade raised.
Sept.	20	First American Flag raised in Havana, Cuba.
Oct.	18	United States takes formal possession of Porto Rico.
Nov.	28	Spain agrees to cede Philippines to United States.
Dec.	10	Peace Treaty signed in Paris, France.
Dec.	31	Last day of Spanish Sovereignty in the Western Hemisphere.

1899

Feb.	6	Treaty with Spain ratified by the Senate.
Feb.	10	Capture of Caloocon, Philippine Islands, and Capture of Iliolo by General Miller.
March	31	Capture of Malolos, Capital of Philippines.
April	11	General Lawton defeats insurgents at Santa Cruz. Proclamation by President McKinley, announcing restoration of peace between Spain and U. S.

We follow, all of us, one flag. It symbolizes our purposes and our aspirations; it represents what we believe and what we mean to maintain, and wherever it floats, it is the flag of the free and the hope of the oppressed, and wherever and whenever it is assailed, at any sacrifice it will be carried to a triumphant peace.

—*Wm. McKinley.*

The University of Illinois R. O. T. C. Brigade 3,373 strong drawn up for the annual inspection on the university parade ground. This organization was classified as the "finest of them all" by Gen. J. J. Pershing.

The Artillery Unit of the University of Illinois R. O. T. C.

RAIN ON THE MEADOWS OF YOUTH.

To William Bishop Owen.

Wm. R. Bowlin.

There are men who would flash in the sky of years,
Red, like the meteor's brush aloof;
There are men who would crash in the night of our fears,
Loud, like the bolt of the zig-zag tooth:
But Friend!
My Friend!
Lead me to know thy way to go—
Rain on the meadows of Youth.

* * * * * *

Some there are who would freeze with fear
Timid souls of lesser proof;
For shame walk men who to win must sear
With heat of gain the green of Truth:
Oh Friend!
Dear Friend,
Bid me recall thy cooling fall —
Rain on the meadows of Youth.

A TRIBUTE TO A PIONEER EDUCATOR.

Captain J. H. Freeman, whose school work began in 1866, is honored during his life by the building of the "J. H. Freeman School" in Aurora, Illinois.

Beginning his school work at Leland, Illinois, as principal of schools, he has aided, during his lifetime, as principal, the schools at Brady, Polo, Streator and Aurora.

In 1896 State Superintendent Inglis called him to aid in the administration of the state office. Following the death of Mr. Inglis, he served as State Superintendent of schools. Following that service he became superintendent of the State School for the Blind which position he held until 1907 when, at his own request, he was granted a release and retired from a long and honorable service as a teacher and administrative officer. He was president of the State Teachers' Association in 1893 and served twice as president of the Illinois School Masters' Club. He is the only living ex-State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

His service in addition to education is well known in Grand Army ranks. Captain Freeman has served as commander of Aurora post No. 20, G. A. R. thirteen times and has also served as senior vice commander of the state department.

The $300,000 grade school to be erected in Aurora is a fine tribute to the splendid career of service of Captain J. H. Freeman.

Lieutenant Andrew Dunn was born April 21st, 1894, in Charleston; received his degree of A. B. from Harvard in June, 1917, while at Plattsburg Training Camp; received his commission in August, 1917. He embarked from Boston July 8, 1918, with the 76th Division of the 304th Infantry. He was killed while leading his platoon during the assault on the St. Mihiel salient September 12, 1918. He rests in the American cemetery near Thiancourt.

A GOLD STAR MOTHER.

The picture used on the front cover of the 1928 Memorial and Peace Day Circular is of a Gold Star Mother on Armistice Day. This is but one of many who are to be remembered with each thought we give to those who have been killed. They too have served and bled.

—Pacific and Atlantic Photo.

DECORATION DAY.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Sleep, comrades; sleep and rest,
  On this field of grounded arms,
Where foes no more molest,
  Nor sentry's shot alarms.

Ye have slept on the ground before,
  And, started on your feet
At the cannon's sudden roar,
  Or the drum's redoubling beat.

But in this camp of death
  No sound your slumber breaks;
Here is no fevered breath,
  No wound that bleeds and aches.

All is repose and peace,
  Untrampled lies the sod;
The shouts of battle cease—
  It is the truce of God.

Rest, comrades! rest and sleep!
  The thoughts of men should be
As sentinels, to keep
  Your rest from dangers free.

Your silent tents of green
  We deck with fragrant flowers;
Yours has the suffering been,
  The memory shall be ours.

Mrs. Coolidge Placing Wreath on Tomb of Unknown Soldier. —P. and A. Photos.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER.

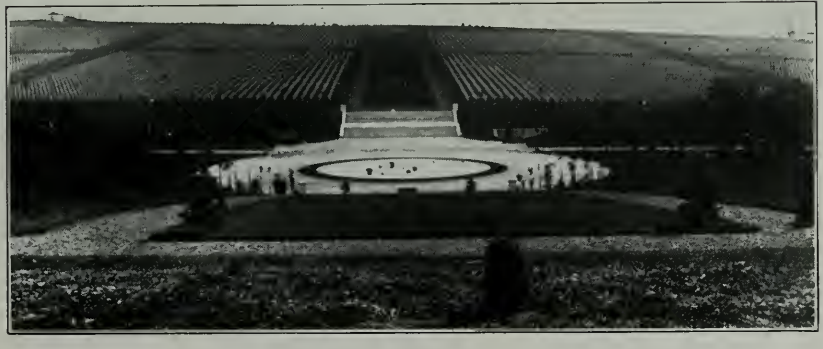
MARGARET STINEBACK.

His dreams have all grown lovely with the years
The bullet-ache within his breast has flown
As have the horrors; the dried, scarlet smears
Upon a comrade's sleeve; the anguished groan
Of some young prisoner; the rat-a-tat
Of busy calculating guns; the sound
Of bursting shell, of shouting, and the spat
Of wet French earth when shot ploughed through the ground.

The din has passed away. Now flowers spill
Their quiet petals like a fresh caress.
There is dim relaxation in the thrill
Of cool, rich soil, in the forgetfulness
It fosters. He is like a sleeping boy
Whose brow is damp, with tired brown curls that cling.
He has that same exhaustion, that same joy.
That pure oblivion of everything.

This is the Unknown Soldier. His dear grave
Is hallowed. So we, very grateful say:
"He signifies the bravest of the brave;
He is above the common run of clay."
Yet, what is bravery—if it must show
Its potency in carnage? Oh, they tread
The truest road of bravery who go
Along the path of Peace—God's path—instead!

—*Detroit Free Press.*



—P. and A. Photos.

American Cemetery at Romagne, France.

Completing Model of the 107th Regiment War Memorial. —Wide World Photos.

AFTERMATH.

SIEGFRIED SASSOON.

Have you forgotten yet? . . . .
For the world's events have rumbled on since those gagged days,
Like traffic checked while at the crossing of city ways:
And the haunted gap in your mind has filled with thoughts that flow
Like clouds in the lit heavens of life; and you're a man reprieved to go,
Taking your peaceful share of Time, with joy to spare.
But the past is just the same,—and War's a bloody game . . . .
Have you forgotten yet? . . . .
Look down, and swear by the slain of the War that you'll never forget.
Do you remember the dark months you held the sector at Mametz,—
The nights you watched and wired and dug and piled sandbags on parapets?
Do you remember the rats; and the stench
Of corpses rotting in front of the front-line trench,—
And dawn coming, dirty-white, and chill with a hopeless rain?
Do you ever stop and ask, "Is it all going to happen again?"
Do you remember that hour of din before the attack,—
And the anger, the blind compassion that siezed and shook you then
As you peered at the doomed and haggard faces of your men?
Do you remember the stretcher-cases lurching back
With dying eyes and lolling heads,—those ashen-gray
Masks of the lads who once were keen and kind and gay?
Have you forgotten yet? . . . .
Look up, and swear by the green of the Spring that you'll never forget.

—*The Daily Mail (London).*

I SING THE BATTLE.

HARRY KEMP.

I sing the song of the great clean guns that belch forth death at will.
Ah, but the wailing mothers, the lifeless forms and still!

I sing the songs of the billowing flags, the bugles that cry before.
Ah, but the skeletons flapping rags, the lips that speak no more!

I sing the clash of bayonets and sabres that flash and cleave.
And wilt thou sing the maimed ones, too, that go with pinned up sleeve?

I sing acclaimed generals that bring the victory home.
Ah, but the broken bodies that drip like honey-comb!

I sing of hearts triumphant, long ranks of marching men.
And wilt thou sing the shadowy hosts that never march again?

—*The Illinois Teacher.*

"WE."

LINDBERGH.

F. G. Blair.

Words swift and strong
In saga or song—
Boundless,
Deathless as his fame—
Sing me the name
Lindbergh!

Blond Viking of old,
Cast in new mold—
Bootless,
Bloodless of hands—
Conquering all lands,
Lindbergh!

Tall son of the stars,
Towering o'er Mars—
Swordless,
Commandless, free—
Conquering the sea,
Lindbergh!

Cruising alone
Through unchartered zone—
Columbus-like—
Better than he knew
Binding the old world into the new,
Lindbergh!

Nameless, unknown,
Ascending earth's throne—
Lincoln-like,
Guileless of arts
Winning the hearts
Of humanity,
Lindbergh!

TO HIM.

DENNIS KING.

He came out of the untrammeled blue,
With a lilt in his laugh and a glint in his eye.
This boy . . . he came.
They laughed, these scoffers, with a jeer or two,
But the boy—he smiled, as boys are apt to do,
And sailed away, with scarce adieu. . . .

O the spirit of the boy!
O the glory of the boy!
O the mystery of the boy
He knew . . .
He knew . . .

Chicago Tribune.

OUR BOY.

OLIVER HERFORD.

Wings and the Boy I sing, who, braving Fate
And the tempestuous Sea-God's ancient hate,
Three thousand miles on wings unswerving sped
Thro' ice-barbed winds, o'er moving mountains dread,
And to the stricken watchers on the shore
Of sorrowing France, Columbia's message bore.

Wings and the Boy! Companions linked as one.
Prince of the Air, Columbia's bravest son,
Modest as brave—the glory of his deed
Joyously sharing with his winged steed,
Named for a gallant Knight—by happy chance,
The Spirit of St. Louis, King of France.

Life (New York).

LINDBERGH.

By JUSTICE WENDELL PHILLIPS STAFFORD.

Lone eagle of the wild Atlantic plain,
Tall, laughing boy, with sun-glints in your eyes,
Playfellow of the lightning and the rain,
Co-sentry with old watchers in the skies,
Light-hearted prologue to the epic muse.
Glad reuniter of long-riven parts,
Bright Hermes of the nations, bringing news
Of love still flaming in all human hearts!
"Do I deserve all this?" Oh, more, far more,
More than the grateful world can ever pay.
A fouler fog than hides Newfoundland's shore
Your little bark's propeller whirled away.
Fly on, above the mist of sordid things:
Rise, like the sun, with healing in your wings!

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA
3 0112 084206298

—Wide World Photos.